

T E A,

K A P O E M.

IN THREE CANTOS.

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As Lethe, dreadful to the Love of Fame.
What Devastations on thy Banks are seen?
What Shades of mighty Names which once have been
A Hecatomb of Characters supplies
Thy painted Altar's daily Sacrifice.

YOUNG's Univ. Paſ. Sat. VI

L O N D O N :

Printed for AARON WARD, at the *King's Arms* in *Little Britain*
and Sold by M. COOPER, at the *Globe* in *Pater-noster-row*.

M DCC XLIII.

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107

T E A,

A

P O E M.

[Price One Shilling.]

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B O E M

[Price One Shilling]



THE

A POEM.

IN THREE CANTOS.

CANTO I.



W HILE Bards renown'd dire Feats of Arms
rehearse,

No hostile Deeds prophane my milder
Verse:

From boisterous War my Lays entirely free,

The sweet resistless Force of gentle TEA.

Shall sing: Attend ye *Fair, Polite, and Young!*

Protect the *Poet*, and inspire the *Song*.

To *Pindus* Shades no more the Mule shall roam

To ask for Help, her Help is nearer home;

She nor invokes nor wants those fruitless Aids,
Nor craves a Favour of th' *Aonian Maids*.

Thou, * VANITY, assist the great Design,
And smile propitious on the daring Line.
Not bold CONTEMPT shall e'er exert its Power,
O'er what thy kind Protection makes secure:
Thy mighty Influence each Defect shall shroud,

And gain the Favour of th' applauding Crowd:
So on each Page the gentle *Nymphs* shall smile,
And saucy *Care*, and tedious *Time* beguile;
Ev'n on their Beds th' instructive Lines peruse
Cap'd into Thought! and consecrate the Muse.

So shall these airy Labours meet Regard,
And Immortality be my Reward.

Hail Goddess of the Vegetable, hail!
To sing thy Worth, all Words, all Numbers, fail.

No more shall *Stoic* Gravity blaspheme,
 With impious Tongue, thy venerable Name.
 The Muse befriends thee now; no more shall base
 Opprobrious CENSURE mark thee with Disgrace.
 Not RAGE again to stab thy Fame shall dare;
 Pale meagre ENVY flies th' unequal War:
 FURY now her languid Snakes dismiss,
 Resign their Venom, and forget to hiss.
 See, stiff-neck'd PRIDE dejected meets the Ground,
 Prostrate in Chains, thy suppliant Captive bound.

Thy Power rever'd o'er num'rous Realms is known,
 And half the willing World appears thine own.
 In *China* fix'd thy Throne, her Sons renown'd
 In Arts adore thee, and thy Worth resound:
 Glad *Europe's* Daughters catch the flying Fame,
 And raise a thousand Altars to thy Name!
 Thy Gifts they taste, and while they taste they prize,
 Nor envy *Jove* the Nectar of the Skies!

O best of Herbs! or for Delight or Use,
 That wealthy *Asia's* boasted Climes produce!
 Let *India* all her spicy Odours boast,
 Her Fruits delicious, or her golden Dust;
 From Earth's dark Bosom tear the silver Veins,
 And heap the shining Trophies on her Plains:
 Rich in her sparkling Gems disclose to View
 The *Sapphire* ting'd with bright celestial Blue;
 Snatch the rich *Di'mond* from the brilliant Mine,
 And bid its Rays with double Lustre shine
 By Art improv'd: Or let her wide display
 Her *Rubies*, glowing like the rising Day:
 Her Odours, Fruits, Gold, Silver, Gems, combine
 In vain, to boast a Worth that equals thine!

Thine Influence while the raptur'd Muse surveys,
 (By HIST'RY bid) she looks on former Days;
 The Days of Yore, where nothing meets the Sight
 That's sprightly, elegant, genteel, polite:

What

What aukward ill-bred Things their *Ladies* were,
 How odd their Dresses, and how coarse their Fare!
 On fat *Roast-Beef*, delighted, they'd regale,
 And make a Breakfast of a *Toast* and *Ale*:
 Their *Beaus* (if *Beaus* were then) august and sage,
 Scarce fit for *Carters* in the present Age:
 Th'unheeded *TOILET* mourn'd, they scorn'd to dance,
 Quite dead to ev'ry Form of Complaisance.
 But, Thanks to happier Stars, we've happier Times!
 And for our Warning, *TEA* unveils their Crimes.

May I express thee good, oh *TEA*! all hail!
 Thrice blest Successor to a *Toast* and *Ale*!
 Unnumber'd Multitudes on thee depend,
 The *Lady's* Joy, the *Manteau-maker's* Friend.

Without thy Presence, Enemy of Care!
 What would employ, or what divert the Fair?
 Or what expel the dangerous Disease,
 When fatal *Spleen* or dismal *Vapours* seize?

Without thine Aid the leaden Hours would lie
 Upon their hands, and in dull Silence die:
 But thank kind Stars! this Remedy at hand,
 Nor pall their Pleasures nor their Moments stand:
 This reinstates the Vigour of the Tongue,
 And metamorphoses Old Age to Young;
 Removes dull Thought, and banishes the Spleen,
 Makes *Miss* at *Fifty* talk as if *Fifteen*.

Nor mighty *Coffee* shall the Verse ingrate
 Omit thy Virtues, or thy Praise forget.

By thee inspir'd, old Citizens sit down,
 And on some Potentate bestow a Crown;
 Equip new Fleets, in Treaties find a Flaw,
 See clearer than a Statesman ever saw.
 O'er wrangling *Gazetteers* each curious pries,
 Grave as *Minerva's* Bird, and full as wise;

Then

Then throw them by, proceed to loud Debate,
 All Politicians! fix a Kingdom's Fate,
 And plan new Schemes to regulate the State.

The Country *Justice* in his Elbow-Chair
 Makes Peace or War without or Wit or Fear;
 His well-form'd Scheme abortive never proves,
 His Intellects while thy kind Influence moves.
 Grave as a Judge upon the Bench he fits,
 While Things important exercise his Wits;
 With stately Look and solemn Air his Theme
 Unfolds; almost a *Cato* in Esteem!
 Around his Chair the gaping *Farmers* throng
 (While nicely he divides 'twixt Right and Wrong)
 Catch every Word, and eat him with their Eyes,
 His *Worship's* right: — was ever Man so wise!

Thy Virtue's greater, generous *TEA*! they rise
 In Prospect long before our wond'ring Eyes.

See Youth restor'd, where Age before had prey'd,
 And cast its Bloom and Beauties into Shade;
 See Fools array'd in elegant Disguise,
 Nought to the Purpose speak, and pass for wise;
 See SPLEEN and HIP before thy kindling Ray
 Dissolve, like Vapours, at th' Approach of Day:
 See mighty SCIENCE lifts her laurel'd Head,
 And fresh with Vigour breaks the Chains of Lead
 That held her bound, and press'd her to the Dead.

BRITANNIA hails thee for thy generous Pains,
 With Gallic Fashion, and Italian Strains,
 And thinks it all too little. See the Beau
 Profuse in Language, of a Yes and No,
 When all exhausted flags his copious Theme,
 Derive fresh Wisdom from thy smoking Stream.

Then Goddess of the grateful Plant regard
 The growing Verse, and bless thy lab'ring Bard
 With

With Inspiration: Purge the visual Ray
 From every Cloud, and pour a gladsome Day
 Of intellectual Light o'er all the Mind,
 That Thoughts may rove unfetter'd, unconfin'd,
 Thro' thy mysterious Labyrinths, which lie
 In deep Recess, conceal'd from vulgar Eye.

Its granted— Now the *Goddess* all confess
 Swells every Vein, and animates my Breast!
 Raptures unfelt before my Fancy heats,
 And every Pulse prophetic Ardour beats:
 Impetuous now she bids describe, direct,
 Nor pardons those who wilfully neglect
 T' obey her Dictates. Mortals, then unbend
 Each anxious Thought, your mild Attention lend,
 And fear to ridicule her, lest she rise
 In Wrath, and scald the Tongue that dares despise.
 The *Table* first be nam'd with Rev'rence due
 TEA's sacred *Altar*, be it neat and new:

Nor mind what Forms old Fashions did produce,
 A Round's now best, because the most in Use.
 For its politest Look, and nicest Grain,
Mahogany does now, unrival'd, reign;
 That Wood, as fittest, *Fashion* does prefer,
 Obey her Dictates, and you cannot err.

But if the Laws of *Custom* you disdain,
 And to old Fashions needs must run again,
 Then let an Oval *Table* be your Choice,
 Tho' not so famous in the publick Voice:
 Let in-laid Figures all the Surface fill,
 The nice Performance of some *Indian* Skill,
 Whose blended Colours, Men, Birds, Flowers and Trees,
 May represent, and each Spectator please.
 If you such Ornaments as these refuse,
 The Work of some fam'd *Limner's* Pencil chuse;
 Not *English* — their dull Strokes, O Shame to view!
 Let it be *French* — and then it can't but do.

So shall the gallant World pronounce you wise,
And boast your Taste and Judgment to the Skies.

Chuse some nice Draught, the Fabrick all divine
T'adorn, where Art, and rival'd Nature shine.

Here well advise, nor rural Plains allow
Where rustick Lasses milk the patient Cow,
Example ill ! of low domestick Care !
Nor let the dull *Penelope* be there ;
That poring Dame who, with unwearied Sight,
Undid the Labours of the Day, by Night.
Of long exploded Oeconomy, these
Savour too much our polish'd Fair to please.

But as a *Connoisseur* would you be deem'd
Well taught, and elegant of Taste esteem'd,
And hear the gay the rare Device approve,
Be then the Great, th' Important Subject Love.
On some green Bank describe an am'rous *Swain*,
Whose Looks dejected, his Disease explain :

Let Flowers compose his Couch, while Myrtles spread
 A verdant Canopy above his Head;
 Then, from some Rock adjoining to the Shade,
 Let Waters seem to murmur in *Cascade*:
 Let mimick Waves be cloath'd in Froth below,
 Be there express'd their Gurglings as they flow.
 At Distance, let the *Shepherdes* be seen,
 Cloath'd, like some rural Deity, in green;
 See that her Cheek with pure Vermilion glows,
 Fairer than Tulip or the Damask Rose.
 Let flow'ry Wreaths her Ivory Temples bind,
 Loose be her Tresses, want'ning in the Wind:
 Thro' all her Air let easy Beauty reign,
 Mix the soft Languish with a coy Disdain,
 And make her half regardless of the Swain.
 Now let the Pencil shed its nicest Art,
 Describe the *Shepherd*, waken all his Smart;

In

In every Feature bid his Passion rise,
 And call up all his Language in his Eyes.
 Then let his scatter'd Flock at distance feed,
 Neglected, wandering thro' the flow'ry Mead.
 Let Ev'ning Clouds around th' *Horizon* play,
 With Purple edg'd, t' express the falling Day:
 Let distant Hills, to bound the Prospect, rise,
 And mix their Summits with the bending Skies.

Prepar'd the *Table*, let the *TEA-POT* share
 Your applicated Thought, and ardent Care.
 Be curious here, the noble Subject well
 Deserves the Trouble of the nicest *Belle*.
 Not here in vain you practise strict Regard,
 It pays your Labour, with a rich Reward.

Let *China's* fine transparent Earth compose
 The stately Urn, with Elegancy chose.
 See that its Parts harmonious join, exempt
 From every Failing, lest it meet Contempt;

Left *Fashion* rise, incens'd by such Abuse,
Frown with Displeasure, and forbid its Use.

Profuse of num'rous Charms, let lavish Art
Exhaust her Stores, and all her Skill impart.
Let *Flora*, elegant in Pomp, unfold
Her choicest Flowers, and bid them bloom in Gold,
To grace the Fav'rite Vessel. See it rise!
(Majestick Fabrick!) and, with sweet Surprise,
Attract your own, and each Spectator's Eyes.

Thrice happy Vessel! which the *British Fair*
Deign thus to honour with peculiar Care!
Thy gentle Arts of Management demand
The taper Finger, and the snowy Hand,
Not stiff with *Labour*, or with *Plain-work* soil'd,
To those low Cares unus'd, by these unspoil'd.
From thy kind Lip in grateful Affluence flow
The Soul of *Friendship*, and the Bane of *Woe*.

To

To latest Time may'st thou propitious smile,
 And bless the speechless Organs of our *Iste*,
 Free ev'ry Tongue, relax its fett'ring Strings,
 And cure the Pains severe that Silence brings.

Nor let or *Dish* or *Sawcer* be forgot,
 They claim an equal Notice with the *Pot*,
 Form'd of the same refin'd material Mould,
 Neat be their Structure, elegantly bold,
 Nor large, nor small: Observe a Medium due;
 Fashion consult; none dictates half so true:
 If she commands, see mimic Flowers arise,
 Rich, in the Splendor of a Thousand Dyes,
 Swell on their Surface, with a pompous Show,
 And golden Circles round the Borders glow.
 Unfading *Spring* shall all her Charms assume,
 And grace each TEA-CUP with a deathless Bloom.

The *Kettle* next your kind Regards will claim,
 Immortal its Renown, unstain'd its Fame.

Long

Long has it reign'd in high Repute, and long
 Endur'd the Malice of th' inglorious Throng;
 And, 'spite of all th' Invectives Fools may use,
 And foulest, blackest Calumnies, t' abuse
 Its venerable Character, it lives,
 And all the Malice of its Foes survives.
 Just so the *Palm*, with Weight when most oppress'd,
 More vigorous springs, and flourishes the best.

Let polish'd Silver from the *Indian* Mine,
 Or finest Copper form the favourite Shrine:
 High on a *Lamp*, let the fair Fabrick rest,
 And, thus equip'd, commence a Parlour Guest.

With this, it equally concerns the *Fair*
 To ply the *Snuff-box* with a graceful Air:
 The slender Fingers, *A-la-mode* to close,
 And bear the *Snuff* genteely to the Nose.
 Who at this Art's Perfection would arrive,
 Must with occurring Difficulties strive,

Attempt

Attempt the Practice, with repeated Pain,
Or else both Time, and Strength, are spent in vain.

When *Sunday* brings her welcome Afternoon,
And the long-winded tedious *Priest* has done,
Homeward from Church the *Fashionable Fair*
To taste of TEA's reviving Sweets repair.

And now *Laurinda*, with affected Airs,
Complains 'twas hot, she scarce could stay at Prayers;
Sure 'twas Devotion, kind'd in a Flame,
That rais'd the Warmth which half consum'd the
Dame!

Tattilia seconds her. The *Parson*, hoarse
With his dull stupid Preaching, tir'd her worse
Behalf than Heat; 't has gave her so the *Spleen*
She knows not when she'll be herself again.

Ogelia sighs, and wishes that she knew
The Gentleman that sat beside her Pew,

That bow'd so low, and roll'd his Eyes, so clean,
Sure more engaging Man was never seen!

Good Lack-a-day cries *Rosalinda* then,
And do you reckon him a handsome Man?
You'd make him sure the handsom'st in the Town;
In my Opinion he's a very Clown.

But now Lord *Foppington* must interpose
With — *Ladies*, how d' ye like this Suit of Cloaths?
This Wig, methinks, so pretty and compleat,
This Hat, and Feather, so extremely neat,
I'm quite in love with 't! *Ladies*, do they show
T' Advantage, and Complexion suit, or no?
Split me! in all my Life I never wore
A Thing that pleas'd my Fancy so before.

Ladies! d' ye hear the News? (*Tattilia* cries)
Th' *Esq*; — who once was reckon'd wise.
Pray what concerning him, I know him well?
Why what of him — I'm half afraid to tell —

You

You know, Ma'am, once how airy was his Carriage,
And how he us'd to throw his Jokes on Marriage.

He's got a Wife at length that fairly fits him,
And (as I'm told) when he's unruly, beats him.

When did you hear it, Ma'am, is't true d'ye think?

Ma'am it's as true as this is TEA we drink.

This Morning, after Church, I chanc'd to meet

With Madam — who lives in — Street,

She told me all, and bid me keep it in,

Pray, Ladies, don't ye mention it again.

He's rightly serv'd, its just as I could wish —

— I fear, Ma'am, you've no Sugar in your Dish. —

Ma'am, did you mind my Lady *Trincum's* Air,

(*Ogelia* cries) how young, and debonair

She would be thought? How prim her Looks were set,

With her false Curls, as black as polish'd Jet?

Her amorous Sparks must surely court in jest:

As to her Age, she's Forty at the least —

Ma'am,

Ma'am, you've the prettiest *Snuff-box* I protest,
 Why sure it cost Five Guineas at the least!
 Your Judgment, Ma'am, has hit the very Price.—
 That Silk of yours, Ma'am, looks exceeding nice!
 A handsome Gown! how neat about the Hip!
 Pray who's the *Manteau-maker*? — Mrs. *Clip*.
Clip! Clip! I never heard the Name before,
 Where does she live pray Ma'am — almost next Door.
 Well she shall make the very next I've made,
 She seems a perfect Mistress of her Trade!

But oh! what Verse can trace the growing Theme,
 Catch every Thought, and take in each Extream?
 The Muse despairs, tires, trembles, and afraid,
 Doubts her own Strength, and seeks superior Aid:
 Much yet remains unsung, she drops her Wing,
 Her useless Pinion, nor presumes to sing.
 Assist her all ye gentle Powers that reign
 Supreme in Verse, nor let her ask in vain.

End of the First CANTO.

C A N T O II.

HE A R me ye *Sylphs*, ye gentle *Sylphs*, that rise
On curling Clouds, and bask in Summer Skies;
Wrap'd in a Mist, your Votary convey

To the bright Temple of *Immortal* T E A:

So may you range the Sylvan Lawns, and feed

On all the Dainties of th' enamell'd Mead;

So may you wear the blushing Rose's Hue,

And from the Cowslip sip the silver Dew;

So may *Arabia* breath you rich Perfumes,

And Evening Sun-Beams gild your azure Plumes.

Now little *Zephyrs* wave their Wings in Air,

Aid the Request, and waft th' ascending Pray'r:

The list'ning *Sylphs* recline their Heads intent,

Regard the humble Wish, and nod Consent.

Now *Sleep* (kind *Goddeſs*!) their Command receives
T' exert her Sway, her cloud-wrap'd Throne she leaves

Her slow Descent th' obedient *Slumbers* wait,
 Attend her Chariot, and compose her State.
 Her well-proportion'd Form a sable Vest
 Confin'd; her Hand a leaden Scepter press'd.
 Onward she mov'd, Majestically flow,
 While Wreaths of Poppies nodded on her Brow:
 Her Wreaths she shook, her Wreaths her Power dis-
 pense;
 And soft Oppression lock'd up every Sense.
 The friendly *Slumbers* aid my peaceful Change,
 Unfetter Thought, and bid my Fancy range.
 Now wide a Landkip opens to my View,
 My tiring Eyes in vain its Lengths pursue.
 Hills climb on Hills, and Rocks on Rocks arise,
 Pil'd up, like Pillars to support the Skies.
 Swift from their rifted Tops the Waters gush,
 And down the channel'd Sides impetuous rush
 In

In pleasing Murmurs: *Echoe* takes the Sound,
 And bears it to the neighbouring Hills around.
 Prone from their Source they slide into the Dale,
 And sweetly wind, and murmur thro' the Vale.
 Along their Banks high nodding Groves arise,
 And wave their leafy Honours in the Skies.
 Luxuriant *Plenty* revels thro' the Scene,
 And cloaths the Vallies with eternal Green;
 Profuse her Blessings from her Throne she sheds,
 And bids her Flowers adorn the chequer'd Meads.
 TEA's *Goddeſs* here extends her peaceful Reign,
 Hers the high Mountain, hers the fertile Plain;
 Sacred to her belong the silver Floods,
 The painted Flourets, and the quivering Woods.

Here blooms the Plant, whose Virtues crowd my Song,
 Dear to the *Goddeſs*, and th' adoring Throng
 That daily bow before her Altars; here
 Its sweetest Odours scent the fragrant Air.

Here

Here the swift *Sylphs* obedient fly or run
 To pick the Leaf, or curl it in the Sun;
 Th' officious *Zephyrs* wave the *Citron* Trees,
 A Cloud of Incense sailing in the Breeze.
 Here wanton *Genii* all their Skill impart,
 And blend with Nature all the Charms of Art.
 Here the sweet Clime no horrid Winter knows,
 No blasting Frosts, and no eternal Snows;
 But here at once the happy Fields appear
 In all the vary'd Beauties of the Year.

Full in the Center of the Landskip stood
 Of wide Circumference an ancient Wood;
 Here a large Temple venerably Fair
 Lifts up its stately Towers sublime in Air.
 The lofty Pile on swelling Columns born,
 Outvies the Lustre of the rosy Morn:
 The glittering Domes their gilded Sides display,
 Reflect the Sun-beams, and increase the Day.

Twice

Twice fifty brazen Gates their Leaves unfold,
 Self-mov'd, on Hinges form'd of polish'd Gold;
 Within, the splendid Roofs, with Skill divine
 High arch'd, emboss'd with Gold and Azure shine.
 Here FOLLY's Bust in painted Niches stands
 Ador'd, and ENVY lifts her hundred Hands;
 In ev'ry Hand a Sword, prepar'd to kill
 The faucy VIRTUES that oppose her Will.
 An ample Court around the Fabrick lies,
 Where TRAY's obedient Vot'ries sacrifice:
 High Walls of Adamant the Space furround,
 No mortal Feet, unbidden, press the Ground.

Here on an Altar REPUTATION lay
 Her tainted Laurels sicken'd in Decay.
 Unhappy Victim! doom'd alas! to please
 The Goddess SCANDAL, and her Rage appease.
 High on a brazen Throne, in royal State,
 Spectator of the bloody Rites she sat

Relentless, deaf to Pity; by her side,
 In equal Pomp, her elder Sister PRIDE
 Was seated: Louing roll'd their blood-hot Eyes,
 And view'd with savage Joy the Sacrifice;
 Then thus bespoke her Train: Why this Delay?
 Why thus reluctant? Slaves, my Will obey,
 Nor childish Pity cherish! haste, with Speed
 Prepare the Knife, and make the Victim bleed.—

Now gathering Crowds around the Altar throng,
 And slaughter'd REPUTATION feeds their Song,
 A thousand Wounds their bloody Mouths uncloze,
 And Life from each in purple Torrents flows.

Expiring thus, her fainting Head she rear'd,
 And pleads for Pity from the savage Herd.
 Ah! why (she cries) thus causeless must I fall,
 What offer'd Inj'ries for your Vengeance call?—
 Tortur'd by cruel Hands — what Crime of mine
 Demands the Life you force me to resign?

Oh none — are these your cruel Goddess' Laws?
O hear me TRUTH, and vindicate my Cause. —

She thus expiring pray'd, nor pray'd in vain,
Her savage Treatment TRUTH beheld with Pain!
With kind Regard she heard the Victim's Cries,
Resolv'd to aid her, swift she cleaves the Skies.
On rapid ample Pinions born, she flew
Prone from the Clouds, and soon appear'd in View.
Her Shape, her Air, her sweet Majestick Mien,
Inspir'd Delight, and spoke her all Divine:
Celestial Beauty smil'd upon her Face,
And her mild Eyes look'd Innocence and Peace:
A milk-white Garment o'er her Shoulders flow'd,
And added Grace, and artless Charms bestow'd.

Abash'd vile SCANDAL stood, but stood not long,
Her Throne forsook, she fled with all her Throng,
Around the Temple sought a close Recess,
Wherein to veil her Anguish and Disgrace.

TRUTH

TRUTH swiftly to the mangl'd Victim flew,
 Touch'd by her Hands, her Laurels bloom'd a-new;
 Clos'd all her Wounds, and absent every Pain;
 Fresh Life beat vig'rous in each throbbing Vein.
 In all her Strength renew'd, her Form compleat;
 She mounts with TRUTH to seek a safe Retreat.

Freed REPUTATION, *Scandal* now survey'd,
 From the dark Cavern, where she sought the Shade;
 With Rage possess'd she rolls her Eyes around,
 (Dreadful to see!) and furious spurns the Ground.
 Intent on Death, th' unwilling Bow she strung,
 Then took an Arrow poison'd with her Tongue.
 Mad with Revenge, against her guiltless Foe
 She aims the Shaft, and draws th' elastick Bow.
 The thirsty Dart (on Death's dire Errand bound)
 Flew swift, struck fast, and quiver'd in the Wound,
 Gush'd the warm Life, reclin'd her drooping Head,
 Her Wings unner'd deny their wonted Aid:
 She

She strove to mount, but wheel'd a giddy round,
 Then fainting, tumbld headlong to the Ground;
 Quivering her Limbs, and languishing her Eye,
 Her Life fled murmuring in a broken Sigh.

So when a Fowler springs the flying Game,
 He lifts his Piece, and takes a murdering Aim;
 In vain it flies, for e'er the Thunder's heard,
 The hastier Shot o'ertakes the hasty Bird;
 The Wound receiv'd he bleeds, then faintly tries
 To wave his Wings, in airy Circles flies,
 Turns round and round, drops, flutters, pants, and dies.

Forth from their dark Retreat the barbarous Throng
 With SCANDAL rush, and celebrate in Song
 Their guilty Triumph, on her Wreaths they tread,
 Repeat their Malice, and insult her Dead.

Now all inspir'd, with fell malignant Rage
 (For so the Goddess bids) with Warmth engage;

Belles meet with *Belles*, asperse each others *Cloaths*,
Prude jostles *Prude*, and *Beaux* encounter *Beaux*.
 Determin'd all, to conquer, or to die,
 Gloves, Sword-knots, Fans, in rude Confusion fly.
 The Tumult thickens; now they loudly jar,
 All furiously involv'd in equal War!
 By Turns all conquer; all the Victory claim,
 Triumphant those, who most can mangle Fame.
 By SCANDAL furnish'd with their wordy Swords,
 Each other brave, nor spare or *Knights* or *Lords*:
 All equal here, the *Goddeſs* ſubjects all,
 Doom'd as ſhe pleaſes, or to riſe or fall.
 Why in this Place ſhould Cruelty reſide,
 Said I? and thus addreſs'd my airy Guide:
 Say gentle *Sylph*, can Cruelties like theſe
 Your far-fam'd *Goddeſs* or her *Vot'ries* pleaſe?
 Yon well-dreſs'd Troops, the Victim that ſurround,
 Say, can their Hands be guilty of a Wound?

hs, If not, O say, from whence the Weapons came,
Employ'd by them to wound each others Fame?

From out his Robe the *Sylph* an Optick drew,
I look'd, and Horror rush'd upon my View —
Ah well (said I) may such Disorders spring,
Shield me ye Powers, where every Tongue's a *Sting*!
Fell MALICE supple ev'ry pliant Joint,
Prompt to destroy, and MISCHIEF arms the Point.
Thro' the wide Circuit FRAUD and RAPINE reign,
And each a Hero, boasts a Thousand slain.

Here SLANDER reigns, nor knows, nor fears Decay,
But let not this be charg'd on harmless TEA.
As well the *Miser* pinch'd with wint'ry Cold,
'Cause he's penurious might upbraid his Gold.

Shock'd at the wild Disorder we withdrew,
Where happier Objects rose to meet our View.
There in the Center of the Temple sat
TEA'S *Ministers*, and *Counsellors* of State,

From

From *Britain* sent; the *Sylphs*, at *TEA's* Command,
 Convey them safe to her enchanted Land,
 There in Affairs of Consequence t' engage,
 And represent the Humours of the Age:
 Assembled here, they round a Table sat,
 All in a warm Dispute of — This and That.

In solitary Mood *Belinda* sits,
 And starts, and raves, and cries, and all by Fits.
 Ah, what can be the Cause! a Husband's Death?
 Her fav'rite *Lap-Dog* has resign'd his Breath.
 Alas! Poor *Shock*! Her dear Companion's fled:
 Poor *Shock*, alas! is number'd with the Dead:
 Oft in the Lap has loving *Shock* been laid,
 And kiss'd, and lick'd his Lady's Hand, and play'd.
 Well may *Belinda* thus her Loss deplore,
 For *Shock*, alas! shall play, shall bark no more:
 No more again poor *Shock* the Lap shall know,
 No more the Rival of the Tinsel *Beau*.

For ever gone, snatch'd by that dire Disease
(Fatal to *Ladies Lap-Dogs*) — Age and Ease!
Some fatal Omens did his Death foretell;
Thrice from her trembling Hand the TEA-SPOON fell.
Poor *Shock*! was skill'd in all the little Arts
Of dumb Address; he was a Dog of Parts,—
Wak'd into Voice, the Roofs and Walls reply,
Count ev'ry Sob, and answer every Sigh.
Thus falls poor *Shock*! nor unregarded falls,
His dire *Catastrophe* is mourn'd by Walls.
Ah! why would not some vulgar Dog suffice,
Must he be mark'd the cruel Tyrant's Prize?
Poor harmless *Shock* be torn away she cries—
Then sips her TEA, and as she sips she sighs.

Next her *Ignavia*, with a careless Air,
Lolls with Indifference in her Elbow-Chair;
And, deaf to all the fair *Belinda's* Moan,
She gapes, and gravely trifles with her Spoon:

K

She

She tries to speak, small Aid her Lungs afford,
And her slow Tongue can scarce drawl out the Word.
Ah! could she speak, she'd vent her Grievs, she'll try,
Then half-a Word comes tagg'd with half a Sigh:
Again she tries her lab'ring Lungs to ease,
And breathes her sad Complaint in Words like these:
Ah! unrelenting Heavens, that you shou'd fix
A Lady's Fate, without a Coach and Six.
(But oh! how sadly difficult to talk.)
Alas! were Ladies ever made to walk? —
She stops, nor can th' unfinish'd Speech prolong,
In ev'ry thing a Lady — but her Tongue.

Next her fair *Deficilia* holds her Place,
She's discompos'd, and sick — for *Flanders* Lace:
Herself the very Picture of her Mind,
That shifts about, inconstant as the Wind:
From Courts to Shades, from Shades to Courts she flies,
And midst a thousand vary'd Pleasures dies;
Nor

Nor TEA it self is rightly understood,
Its bad this Minute, and the next its good.
Clarissa, next her seated, we survey
In Paths of Pleasure, and Experience—Grey.
Here the glad Matron tells who rul'd the Nation
When she was young, and names the fav'rite Fashion:
Names every Person once polite or brave,
And calls forgotten Beauties from the Grave.
Begins her *Aera* from the Date of TEA,
Extols the Age that introduc'd BOHEA,
Recounts what Numbers fell by Beauty slain,
And lives o'er Youth in Memory again.

Melissa next in Charms serenely gay,
Look'd on her Watch, and stirr'd her cooling TEA.
The Hours with tolerable Swiftneſs glide,
And *Time*'s half ſmother'd in the ſmoaking Tide:
O potent Herb, how worthy Strains ſublime!
Thou kind Deſtroyer of th' Intruder *Time*.

buA

Time

Time that awakes the Clocks to spoil the Ball,
And drives the fair ones from th' *Assembly-Hall*.
Ah! cruel *Time* that nips the fairest Flower,
And silvers *Thirty-seven* like *Threescore*.
Melissa thus her wish'd Revenge enjoy'd,
TEA gains the mighty Conquest—*Time's* destroy'd.

Here *Sacharissa's* Charms demands Regard,
Loretta names them, and — she will be heard.
That Face, that Air, a Cherubim might warm
With Love, but — Beauty will not always charm.
Dire *Six* and *Twenty* now her Bloom invades
With all its Cares, and *Sacharissa* fades.—
There was a Time, which several *Ladies* knew,
When she herself could boast some Beauty too.—

Here *Cleria* mocks romantick Bowers and Shades,
grows old in Cards, and sighs for Masquerades.
There fairer Roses breath a rich Perfume,
And living Lillies never cease to bloom.

And

And then *Spadill* — submit ye Lawns, ye Glades,
She finds more Beauty in the *King of Spades*.
Next the dear *Opera* comes, delightful Theme!
Who dares the sacred *Opera* blaspheme?
The sober Audience sit compos'd and calm,
While *Farinelli* sings the — *Hundredth Psalm*.
The listening *Belles* with Candour *Cleria* hear,
And snatch th' unfinish'd Words with eager Ear.

Nor unregarded *Zephilinda* sits,
Surrounded by a Crowd of female Wits:
By Learning's Aid she laughs at ev'ry *Belle*,
And spells her dear, dear LONDON with an *L*.
Than *Zephilinda* who can better shew,
To write correct, t'endite, a Billet-doux?
She talks of Plays, of Songs, Blank-Verse, and Rhymes,
Then wonders at the Folly of the Times.

Nor *Florio's* content with his Troop of *Beaux*,
Florio, who, *Moth-like*, lives upon his Cloaths;
L

Long nurs'd and fed with *Alma Mater's* Milk,
A mighty Critick — in Brocaded Silk !
Be his to judge of *Beaux* who best can fence—
Who wears best Linnen,— or who talks best Sense—
He talks in—*English* of—his own sweet Face,
And measures Wisdom by—his silver Lace.

To *Florio* second, in fantastick Mood,
The sprightly, young, pedantick *Student* stood;
Stood well distinguish'd by his *Length of Ears*,
Extremely pert, significant in *Sneers*!—
Wise beyond Measure, none like him can see,
And none like him pronounce an *A* or *E*!
Pungent his Wit, and elegant his Sneer,
O biefs'd Effect of * *Caledonian* Air!

Here in long Order Numbers more were seen,
Some drank BOHEA, while some adher'd to GREEN;

* *Caledonia*, the ancient Name of *Scotland*, the Air of which is remarkably sharp.

They

They praise the Plant its *Goddeſs* there beſtows,
Beſt Antidote for Care that Mortal knows!

Thus all expreſs'd their Approbation loud,
When ſoft recumbent, on a Golden Cloud,
TEA's *Guardian* Power deſcended; all confeſs
The *Goddeſs* of the fav'rite Plant, and Place;
All bow'd, adoring, low; a purple Veſt,
With rich Embroidery deck'd, her Limbs embrac'd:
A Wreath of TEA-LEAVES round her Temples blooms,
And breath'd ambroſial Eſſence, rich Perfumes.
Her golden Locks in artleſs Curls and long,
With graceful Negligence diſcover'd hung:
Her ſparkling Eyes with Inſpiration warms,
There Youth, and Beauty, kind'd all their Charms.

Th' attending *Whiſpers* hover'd o'er the Scene,
And wav'd their ſilken Wings around their Queen,
Daughters of *Secrets*, theſe her State compoſe,
Await the *Goddeſs* whereſoe'er ſhe goes.

Obedient

Obedient Ministers! by these she gives
Her Will, by these Intelligence receives.

These o'er her Rites and Voteries inspect,
And all Affairs of Consequence direct:

Yet often they forsake her, and repair
To wait on SCANDAL, in her brazen Carr.

Th' attending Worshippers she now surveys,
And took the grateful Tribute of their Praise,

Then smiling spake: How worthy you my Care,

Who guard my Honours, and my Altars rear!

Who spread my Fame (my Fame so justly due)

By Praise assiduous, and Example too.

Now twice two Sets of *China* I'll bestow,

Sets that inlaid with Gold, and Azure, glow;

The Boast of Art. To them the Prize belong,

Who best can prove th' *Existence* of a *Tongue*,

She said. With Silence all themselves survey'd,

Suspensive, loursing, doubting, each afraid

To

To venture in the glorious Strife. By Turns,
 Each Breast with Fear, and Hope of Conquest, burns.
 At length the dreadful Silence broke, and now
 A warm Contention rose; the Clamours grow
 Loud, and more loud; nor Roofs, nor Walls were mute,
 But aid the Strife, and heighten the Dispute.

So when portentous of a rising Storm,
 The gathering Clouds in dusky Squadrons form,

In dark Succession Clouds on Clouds appear,
 And slowly dreadful float in burden'd Air.
 Silence, like that which waits the dreary Tomb,
 On Nature hangs, and deepens all the Gloom.
 Then swift as Thought, the rapid Light'ning flies,
 Cracks the black Cloud, Thunders on Thunders rise,
 Still louder grow, and roar along the Skies.

End of the Second CANTO.

M

CANTO

C A N T O III.

HIGH rose the wordy War, the *Echoes* roam,
Talk round the Walls, and Dome re-answers
Dome.

DISCORD beheld with transport in her Eyes,
Then swift descending broke the brittle Prize.
The brittle Prize contested now no more,
With shining Ruin strews the marble Floor.
Pale was each Visage, Rage began to rise,
Flame in their Breasts, and Light'ning from their Eyes.
The frowning Terror smiling MIRTH beheld,
Descending, all the threat'ning Storm dispell'd.
She bids, they seize on DISCORD as their Prey,
And drown their FURY in a Flood of TEAR.

The *Whispers* now arriv'd upon the Wing,
And from *Britania's Isle* Petitions bring;

Petitions from the Fair, who all address
 In humblest Terms the *Goddess* of the Place,
 And beg her Plant might never cease to bless
 She read, and smil'd Consent, then left her Fane
 To seek the mighty Monarch of the Main.

High on a Rock, whose lofty bending Brow
 Adds double Horror to the Gulphs below,
 She stood, and call'd; when instant as the Wind,
 Th' inferiour *Sea* with all its Voices join'd.
 The *God* soon heard the Call, where deep he sat,
 With all th' Attendants of his wat'ry State,
 Nor disregards; but thus commands his Train,
 Prepare the Pomp, and Ensigns of my Reign
 Submissive all obey his Voice, and now
 The swelling Flood sigh'd awful from below,
 Howl'd the fierce Tempest in a hollow Roar,
 And the hoarse Surge sounds dashing to the Shore:

Th' obsequious Waters now prepare his Road,
 Divide, roll backward, and disclose their God.
 The whistling Winds shrunk, frighted to their Cave,
 Smil'd the clear Heav'ns, and hush'd was every Wave,
 Before his Face the sportive *Dolphins* play,
 And from their golden Scales reflect the Day.
 His stately Horses champ'd the Coral Bit,
 The passive Waters smooth'd before his Feet.
 Around his Chariot smiling *Tritons* crowd,
 And guide the plounsing Courfers thro' the Flood.
 Soft flow'd sweet Musick from a *Syren's* Tongue,
 And the flow Pomp mov'd heavily along.

TEA'S *Goddeſs* bow'd her Head, the God address'd,
 And Words like these reveal'd her just Request.

O hear me, mighty *Sovereign* of the Main,
 Nor let me offer this my Suit in vain!
 May *Britain* long her wealthy Trade enjoy,
 Nor Storms demolish, nor her Foes destroy ;

But

But Chief (*O Goddess born*) do thou command
Her Fleets, rich laden with my much-lov'd *TEA*
May every rude unruly Storm be sooth'd
In deepest Slumbers, every Sea be smooth'd.
Can Beauty not prevail? O hear the Prayer
I now have offer'd for the *British Fair*,
She said. Th' attentive Floods were hush'd, and still
When *Neptune* rose, and thus pronounc'd his Will.

Ye *Nations* hear, that plow the wat'ry Main
Thro' all th' extended Regions of my Reign;
To *Britain's* Sons I delegate my Sway,
Lords of the Flood, and *Vice-Roys* of the Sea.
Long be 't their Priviledge alone, to run
To Climes, to Nations near the rising Sun,
And from their swarthy Offspring bear away
To *Europe's* happier Shores their odorous *TEA*.
If ye rebel, her gath'ring Fleets advance,
And murmur Vengeance thro' the wide Expanse.

From Shore to Shore their angry Thunder rolls,
Alarms the Worlds, and echoes to the Poles.

Be still ye Winds, nor dare the Deep deform,
Subside ye Waves, nor curl into a Storm.

Awake ye mild, propitious, gentle Gales,
With Force benign, and swell the yielding Sails:

Ye Rocks remove, and thou O *Phœbus* rise,
Confess'd th' unrival'd Monarch of the Skies;

Exert thy Beams, compel the Clouds to pour,
In gentle Rain the mild descending Show'r,

To raise th' auspicious Plant—

He said: His *Trident* shook, the *Tritons* knew
The Signal giv'n, and their Shell-Trumpets blew;

Swift undulates the Sound along the Waves,

And *Echoe* answer'd from a thousand Caves:

The well-known Summons, instant all obey,

And plung'd to *Coral* Groves remote from Day.

Now

Now flaming *Phœbus* on th' Horizon stood,
 And glanc'd his Rays along the Chrystal Flood;
 He heard the Monarch of the Deep present
 The *British Nymphs* Request, and beam'd Consent;
 To Regions far remote his Way pursu'd,
 And sunk immantl'd in a purple Cloud.

F I N I S.



*BOOKS Printed for AARON WARD, at the
King's Arms in Little-Britain, London.*

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